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Leaves Paducah for Clarksville every Monday, 12 m.  
Leaves Paducah for Nashville every Wednesday, 12 m.  
Leaves Clarksville every Tuesday noon for Paducah.  
Leaves Nashville every Saturday noon for Paducah.  
For freight or passage apply on board or to Given Fowler, Agt. J. S. Tyner, W. A. Bishop, Master, Clerk.

## ST. LOUIS AND TENNESSEE RIVER PACKET COMPANY.

FOR TENNESSEE RIVER



## STEAMER CLYDE

Leaves Paducah for Tennessee River every Wednesday at 4 p. m.

LOUIS PELL, Master.

EUGENE ROBINSON, Clerk.

This company is not responsible for invoice charges unless collected by the clerk of the boat.

## CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$314,200

## AMERICAN - GERMAN

## NATIONAL BANK.

Paducah, - - - Kentucky

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

Offices on second and third floors.

Geo. C. Thompson, Pres.

Ed. L. Atkins, Cashier.

## A. L. LASSITER,

Architect and Superintendent.

Rooms 7 and 8, Yeiser Building

Phones Office 215, Residence 549-4.

PADUCAH, KY.

## BRINTON B. DAVIS, F. A. I. A.

## ARCHITECT

116 BROADWAY PHONE 20

**"WORLD'S FAIR ROUTE"**  
**B. & O. S-W.**  
LOW RATE EXCURSIONS.  
SEASON 1903  
ONE WAY COLONISTS' TICKETS  
To points in California, Arizona, Texas, Oregon, Washington, Montana, Idaho and Utah.  
Tickets on sale every day to April 30, 1903.

ONE FARE ROUND TRIP  
TO ST. LOUIS  
National and International Good Roads Convention

April 27th to May 2d  
Tickets will be sold April 25 and 27. Good returning to May 4th.

Dedication Ceremonies Louisiana Purchase Exposition, World's Fair, April 30th to May 2d  
Tickets will be sold April 28th and 30th. Good returning to May 4th.

Thirty-first Saengerfest of North American Saengerbund, June 17th, to 20th  
Tickets will be sold June 16th-17th. Good returning to June 22d.

San Francisco, Cal.  
National Association Master Plumbers  
May 10th-22d.  
Very Low Rates. Tickets on sale May 2 and 3 and May 10th to 18th. Final return limit July 15.

Los Angeles, Cal.  
General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church.  
May 21st-June 2d.  
Very Low Rates. Tickets on sale May 2 and 3 and May 10th to 18th. Final return limit July 15.

Boston, Mass.  
National Educational Association  
July 6th to 10th.  
One fare plus \$2 round trip. Tickets will be sold July 2 to 5. Good returning to July 15.

Denver, Col.  
International Convention United Society Christian Endeavor.  
July 9th-13th  
Rates and dates will be announced later.

Baltimore, Md.  
B. P. O. E. Annual Convention.  
July 1903  
Rates and date of sale to be announced later.

O. P. McCarty,  
General Passenger Agent, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Extension of Colonist Rates to the Northwest and California.

The Burlington extends until June 15 the period of the greatly reduced one-way Colonist rates to the Northwest and to California. This is a good way to save from \$15 to \$20.

Home-Seekers' Excursions.

Round trip tickets at one fare plus \$2 are sold on the first and third Tuesdays of each month, to the West and Northwest, including also Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon and Puget Sound.

Cheap Round Trip Tickets to California.

Round trip rates to California, May 3 and May 12 to 18, inclusive, with sixty days' limit, at \$17.50 from St. Louis, \$45 from Kansas City; \$50 from Chicago.

California Excursions.

Join our personally conducted through Tourist sleeper excursions to California on frequent dates during each week, via Denver, scenic Colorado and Salt Lake City.

Main Traveled Road

With its great trunk lines and its connections, the Burlington can take the best care of you. The map shows how directly the Burlington's lines reach the entire West and Northwest region of our country.

Describe to us any one-way or circuit trip you propose and let us advise you the least cost and the best way to make it.

CHAS. E. MICHEL, L. W. WAKELY,  
Trav. Pass' Agt. Gen'l Pass' Agt.  
604 Pine St. St. Louis.

## Illinois Central R.R.

Great preparations are being made for the entertainment at New Orleans of Veterans and their friends on the occasion of the

ANNUAL REUNION UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS

which takes place in New Orleans, May 19 to 22, 1903, and in order that large numbers may attend there has been made on the Illinois Central R. R. a

## Rate of 1 cent a Mile

in each direction from all stations south of the Ohio River to New Orleans. Tickets at this rate, for this occasion, will be on sale May 16 to 21, and for trains scheduled to arrive in New Orleans before noon of May 22. They will be good for return until May 24, and can be extended on payment of 50 cents to June 15. Particulars of your home ticket agt.

A. J. McDougall, Division Passenger Agent, New Orleans.

F. W. Harlow, Passenger Agent, Louisville.

A. H. Hanson, G. P. A., Chicago.

J. T. Donovan, Agent Paducah, Ky.

## MYSELF CURED

I will gladly inform anyone addicted to COCAINE, MORPHINE, OPIUM or LAUDANUM of a never-failing harmless Home Cure.

MRS. E. MARY BALDWIN,  
P. O. Box 1212, Chicago, Illinois.

## LADIES! \$500 REWARD

For a case of obstinate depression, any cause in pathology, my monthly reg. fails to relieve; safe, harmless; mail; how long suppressed. DR. JACKSON D. CO., 109 Dearborn Street Chicago, Ill.

**WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER**  
Or, The Love Story of Charles Brandon and Mary Tudor, the King's Sister, and Happening in the Reign of His August Majesty King Henry the Eighth  
Rewritten and Rendered into Modern English from Sir Edwin Casskoden's Memoir  
By EDWIN CASKODEN [CHARLES MAJOR]  
Copyright, 1888 and 1901, by the Dutton-McCull Company

## THE CASKODENS.

WE Caskodens take great pride in our ancestry. Some persons, I know, hold all that to be totally un-Solomonlike and the height of vanity, but they usually have no ancestors of whom to be proud. The man who does not know who his great-grandfather was naturally enough would not care what he was. The Caskodens have pride of ancestry because they know both who and what.

We have a right to be proud, for there is an unbroken male line from William the Conqueror down to the present time. In this lineal list are fourteen barons—the title lapsed when Charles I. fell—twelve Knights of the Garter and forty-seven Knights of the Bath and other orders. A Caskoden distinguished himself by gallant service under the great Norman and was given rich English lands and a fair Saxon bride, albeit an unwilling one, as his reward. With this fair, unwilling Saxon bride and her long plait of yellow hair goes a very pretty, pathetic story, which I may tell you at some future time if you take kindly to this. A Caskoden was seneschal to William I. and sat at the rich, half-barbaric banquets in the first great hall. Still another was one of the doughty barons who wrested from John the great charter, England's declaration of independence; another was high in the councils of Henry V. I have omitted one whom I should not fail to mention, Adjodika Caskoden, who was a member of the dunce parliament of Henry IV., so called because there were no lawyers in it.

It is true that in the time of Edward IV. a Caskoden did stoop to trade, but it was trade of the most dignified, honorable sort—he was a goldsmith, and his guild, as you know, were the bankers and international clearance house for people, kings and nobles.

Now, it has been the custom of the Caskodens for centuries to keep a record of events as they have happened, both private and public. Some are in the form of diaries and journals, like those of Pepys and Evelyn; others in letters, like the Pastons'; others, again, in verse and song, like Chaucer's and the Water Poet's, and still others in the more pretentious form of memoir and chronicle. These records we always have kept jealously within our family, thinking it vulgar, like the Pastons, to submit our private affairs to public gaze.

There can, however, be no reason why those parts treating solely of outside matters should be so carefully guarded, and I have determined to choose for publication such portions as do not divulge family secrets or skeletons, and which really redound to family honor.

For this occasion I have selected from the memoir of my worthy ancestor and namesake, Sir Edwin Caskoden, grandson of the goldsmith and master of the dance to Henry VIII., the story of Charles Brandon and Mary Tudor, sister to the king.

This story is so well known to the student of English history that I fear its repetition will lack that zest which attends the development of an unforeseen denouement, but it is of so great interest and is so full in its sweet, fierce manifestation of the one thing insoluble by time—love—that I will nevertheless rewrite it from old Sir Edwin's memoir.

## CHAPTER I. THE DUEL.

IT sometimes happens, Sir Edwin says, that when a woman will she won't, and when she won't she will, but usually in the end the adage holds good. That sentence may not be luminous with meaning, but I will give you an illustration.

I think it was in the spring of 1500—at any rate, soon after the death of the Modern Solomon, as Queen Catherine called her old father-in-law, the late King Henry VII.—that his august majesty Henry VIII., "the undivulged flower and very Heir of both the said Lineages," came to the throne of England and tendered me the honorable position of master of the dance at his sumptuous court.

As to "worldly goods," as some of the new religionists call wealth, I was very comfortably off, having inherited from my father, one of the counselors of Henry VII., a very competent fortune indeed. How my worthy father contrived to save from the greedy hand of that rich old miser so great a fortune I am sure I cannot tell. He was the only man of my knowledge who did it, for the old king had a reach as long as the kingdom, and, upon one pretext or another, appropriated to himself everything on which he could lay his hands. My father, however, was himself pretty shrewd in money matters, having inherited along with his fortune a rare knack at keeping it. His father was a goldsmith in the time of King Edward and enjoyed the marked favor of that puissant prince.

Being thus in a position of affluence, I cared nothing for the fact that little or no emolument went with the office. It was the honor which delighted me. Besides, I was thereby an inmate of the king's palace and brought into intimate relations with the court, and, above all, with the finest ladies of the land—the best company a man can keep, since it ennobles his mind with better thoughts, purifies his heart with cleaner motives and makes him gentle without detracting from his strength. It was an office any lord of the kingdom might have been proud to hold.

Now, some four or five years after my induction into this honorable office there came to court news of a terrible duel fought down in Suffolk, out of which only one of the four combatants had come alive—two, rather, but one of them in a condition worse than death. The first survivor was a son of Sir William Brandon, and the second was a man called Sir Adam Judson. The story went that young Brandon and his elder brother, both just home from the continental wars, had met Judson at an Ipswich inn, where there had been considerable gambling among them. Judson had won from the brothers a large sum of money which they had brought home, for, notwithstanding their youth, the elder being but twenty-six and the younger about twenty-four years of age, they had gained great honor and considerable profit in wars, especially the younger, whose name was Charles.

It is a little hard to fight for money and then to lose it by a single spot upon the die, but such is the fate of him who plays, and a philosopher will swallow his ill luck and take to fighting for more. The Brandons could have done this easily enough, especially Charles, who was an offhand philosopher, rather fond of a good humored fight, had it not been that in the course of play one evening the secret of Judson's winning had been disclosed by a discovery that he cheated. The Brandons waited until they were sure, and then trouble began, which resulted in a duel on the second morning following.

This Judson was a Scotch gentleman of whom very little was known except that he was counted the most deadly and most cruel duelist of the time. He was called the "Walking Death," and it is said he took pride in the appellation. He boasted that he had fought eighty-seven duels, in which he had killed seventy-five men, and it was considered certain death to meet him. I got the story of the duel afterward from Brandon as I give it here.

John was the elder brother and when the challenge came was entitled to fight first, a birthright out of which Charles tried in vain to talk him. The brothers told their father, Sir William Brandon, and at the appointed time father and sons repaired to the place of meeting, where they found Judson and his two seconds ready for the fight.

Sir William was still a vigorous man, with few equals in sword play, and the sons, especially the younger, were better men and more skillful than their father had ever been, yet they felt that this duel meant certain death, so great was Judson's fame for skill and cruelty. Notwithstanding they were so handicapped with this feeling of impending evil, they met their duty without a tremor, for the motto of their house was "Malo Mori Quam Fedari."

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It was a misty morning in March. Brandon has told me since that when his elder brother took his stand it was at once manifest that he was Judson's superior both in strength and skill, but after a few strokes the brother's blade bent double and broke off short at the hilt when it should have gone home. Thereupon Judson, with a malignant smile of triumph, deliberately selected his opponent's heart and pierced it with his sword, giving the blade a twist as he drew it out in order to cut and mutilate the more.

In an instant Sir William's doubtless was off, and he was in his dead son's tracks, ready to avenge him or to die.

When we learned that Brandon was coming to court, every one believed he would soon gain the king's favor. How much that would amount to none could tell, as the king's favorites were of many sorts and taken from all conditions of men. There was Master Wolsey, a butcher's son, whom he had first made almoner, then chief counselor and bishop of Lincoln, soon to be bishop of York and cardinal of the holy Roman church.

From the other extreme of life came young Thomas, Lord Howard, heir to the Earl of Surrey, and my Lord of Buckingham, premier peer of the realm. Then sometimes would the king take a yeoman of the guard and make him his companion in jousts and tournaments solely because of his brawn and bone. There were others whom he kept close by him in the palace because of their wit and the entertainment they furnished, of which class was I, and I flatter myself, no mean member.

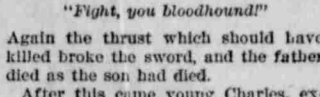
To begin with, being in no way dependent on the king for money, I never drew a farthing from the royal treasury. This, you may be sure, did me no harm, for, although the king sometimes delighted to give, he always hated to pay. There were other good reasons, too, why I should be a favorite with the king.

My appointment as master of the dance, I am sure, was owing entirely to my manner. My brother, the baron, who stood high with the king, was not friendly toward me because my father had seen fit to bequeath me so good a competency in place of giving it all to the firstborn and leaving me dependent upon the tender mercies of an elder brother. So I had no help from him nor from any one else. I was quite small of stature and therefore unable to compete with lance and mace with bulkier men, but I would bet with any man, of any size, on any game, at any place and time, in any amount, and, if I do say it, who perhaps should not, I basked in the light of many a fair smile which larger men had sighed for in vain.

I did not know when Brandon first came to London. We had all remained at Greenwich while the king went up to Westminster to waste his time with matters of state and quarrel with the parliament, then sitting, over the amount of certain subsidies.

Mary, the king's sister, then some eighteen or nineteen years of age, a perfect bud, just blossoming into a perfect flower, had gone over to Windsor on a visit to her elder sister, Margaret of Scotland, and the palace was dull enough. Brandon, it seems, had been presented to Henry during this time at Westminster and had, to some extent at least, become a favorite before I met him. The first time I saw him was at a joust given by the king at Westminster in celebration of the fact that he had coaxed a good round subsidy out of parliament.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"Fight, you bloodhound!"

Again the thrust which should have killed broke the sword, and the father died as the son had died.

After this came young Charles, expecting, but so great was his strong heart, not one whit fearing, to lie beside his dead father and brother. He knew he was the superior of both in strength and skill, and his knowledge of men and the noble art told him they had each been the superior of Judson, but the fellow's hand seemed to be the hand of death. An opening came through Judson's unskillful play which gave young Brandon an opportunity

for a thrust to kill, but his blade, like his father's and his brother's, bent double without penetrating. Unlike the others, however, it did not break, and the thrust revealed the fact that Judson's skill as a duelist lay in a shirt of mail which it was useless to try to pierce. Aware of this, Brandon knew that victory was his and that soon he would have avenged the murders that had gone before. He saw that his adversary was strong neither in wind nor arm and had not the skill to penetrate his guard in a week's trying, so he determined to fight on the defensive until Judson's strength should wane, and then kill him when and how he chose.

After a time Judson began to breathe hard and his thrusts to lack force.

"Boy, I would spare you," he said. "I have killed enough of your tribe. Put up your sword and call it quits."

Young Brandon replied: "Stand your ground, you coward. You will be a dead man as soon as you grow a little weaker. If you try to run, I will thrust you through the neck as I would a cur. Listen how you snort. I shall soon have you. You are almost gone. You would spare me, would you? I could preach a sermon or dance a hornpipe while I am killing you. I will not break my sword against your coat of mail, but will wait until you fall from weakness, and then— Fight, you bloodhound!"

Judson was pale from exhaustion, and his breath was coming in gasps as he tried to keep the merciless sword from his throat. At last, by a dexterous twist of his blade, Brandon sent Judson's sword flying thirty feet away. The fellow started to run, but turned and fell upon his knees to beg for life. Brandon's reply was a flashing circle of steel, and his sword point cut lengthwise through Judson's eyes and the bridge of his nose, leaving him sightless and hideous for life—a revenge compared to which death would have been merciful.

The duel created a sensation throughout the kingdom, for, although little was known as to who Judson was, his fame as a duelist was as broad as the land. He had been at court upon several occasions, and at one time, upon the king's birthday, had fought in the royal lists. So the matter came in for its share of consideration by king and courtiers, and young Brandon became a person of interest. He became still more so when some gentlemen who had served with him in the continental wars told the court of his daring and bravery and related stories of deeds at arms worthy of the best knight in Christendom.

He had an uncle at the court, Sir Thomas Brandon, the king's master of horse, who thought it a good opportunity to put his nephew forward and let him take his chance at winning royal favor. The uncle broached the subject to the king, with favorable issue, and Charles Brandon, led by the hand of fate, came to London court, where that same fate had in keeping for him events such as seldom fall to the lot of man.

## CHAPTER II. HOW BRANDON CAME TO COURT.

WHEN we learned that Brandon was coming to court, every one believed he would soon gain the king's favor. How much that would amount to none could tell, as the king's favorites were of many sorts and taken from all conditions of men. There was Master Wolsey, a butcher's son, whom he had first made almoner, then chief counselor and bishop of Lincoln, soon to be bishop of York and cardinal of the holy Roman church.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

### ILLINOIS CENTRAL.

Corrected to Jan. 7, 1903.

South Bound	121	103	101
St. Louis	7:00am	8:00pm	8:40pm
Lv. Cincinnati	7:30am	8:30pm	9:10pm
Lv. Louisville	7:45am	8:45pm	9:25pm
Lv. Owensboro	8:00am	9:00pm	9:40pm
Lv. H. Branch	8:15am	9:15pm	9:55pm
Lv. Central City	8:30am	9:30pm	10:10pm
Lv. Nortonville	8:45am	9:45pm	10:25pm
Lv. Evansville	9:00am	10:00pm	10:40pm
Lv. Hopkinsville	9:15am	10:15pm	10:55pm
Lv. Princeton	9:30am	10:30pm	11:10pm

Ar. Fulton	6:30pm	4:50am	8:30pm
Ar. Cairo	10:15pm	12:15pm	10:15pm
Ar. Paducah Jct.	10:30pm	1:00am	8:15pm
Ar. Rives	10:45pm	1:15am	8:30pm
Ar. Jackson	11:00pm	1:30am	7:10am
Ar. Memphis	11:15pm	1:45am	11:50pm
Ar. N. Orleans	11:30pm	2:00am	10:55am
135			
Lv. Hopkinsville	6:30pm	11:55pm	5:00am
Lv. Princeton	6:45pm	12:10pm	5:10am
Ar. Paducah	6:55pm	12:20pm	7:50am

North Bound	122	102	104
Lv. N. Orleans	7:35pm	9:40am	
Lv. Memphis	7:50pm	9:40pm	
Lv. Jackson	8:11pm	9:37pm	
Lv. Rives	9:31pm	11:48pm	
Lv. Paducah Jct.		8:51pm	
Lv. Cairo	8:25pm	8:20pm	6:45pm
Lv. Fulton	6:10pm	10:27pm	12:20pm
Ar. Paducah	7:40am	11:50am	1:30am
Lv. Paducah	7:50pm	11:18am	1:35am
Ar. Lexington	9:02pm	12:12pm	2:40pm